

HE HAS HAD GRAND CROPS

And Likes the Laws in Western
Canada.

"I lived near Lee, Illinois, for 46 years. I came to Saskatchewan in the spring of 1912 and bought land near Briercrest. I have farmed this land, 1680 acres, ever since. I have had grand crops. In 1914 I had 160 acres of wheat that yielded 40 bushels to the acre. I sold this wheat at \$1.50 per bushel. I like the country and my neighbors.

There is No
War Tax So-
Called.

My taxes on each quarter section (160 acres) are about \$32 a year. This covers municipal tax, school tax, hall insurance tax—everything. There is no war tax so-called. I like the laws in force here. There is no compulsion to me in any way. I am just as independent here as I was in Illinois, and I feel that my family and I are just as well protected by the laws of the province as we were in our old home in Illinois. What I earn here is my own. I have seven children and they take their places at school in sports and at all public gatherings the same as the Canadian born.

(Sgd.) M. P. Tysdal.
"February 9th, 1916."

We reprint the following article, complete, without comment, from the latest number of the "Saskatchewan Farmer," an agricultural paper published at Moose Jaw, Saskatchewan:

Former Iowa
Farmers Are
Doing Well
in Canada.

"The attempt to check emigration from the United States to our prairie provinces by publishing alarming statements about the enormous war taxes that are being paid here—\$500 on a quarter section yearly—about forcing young men to enlist for the war, about the cold, no crops and any old story that by its extravagant boldness might influence men and women from venturing north to Canada, is really in the list of curios to our people. Knowing the country, we can hardly take it seriously. Our governments, however, dominion and provincial, are taking steps to expose the false statements that are being made, and thereby keep the channel open for continuing the stream of settlers that has been flowing to us for the past decade.—Advertisement.

Sometimes it is a man's cowardice that keeps him from getting in bad.

IMITATION IS SINCEREST FLATTERY but like counterfeit money the imitation has not the worth of the original. Insist on "La Creole" Hair Dressing—it's the original. Darkens your hair in the natural way, but contains no dye. Price \$1.00.—Adv.

Each Chinese schoolboy has to furnish his own stool and table, as well as his own ink, brush and writing paper.

CLEAR RED PIMPLY FACES

Red Hands, Red Scalp With Cuticura Soap and Ointment. Trial Free.

The soap to cleanse and purify, the ointment to soothe and heal. Nothing better, quicker, safer, surer at any price for skin troubles of young or old that itch, burn, crust, scale, torture or disfigure. Besides, they meet every want in toilet preparations.

Free sample each by mail with Book. Address postcard, Cuticura, Dept. L, Boston. Sold everywhere.—Adv.

Some people act as though they were afraid they might forget their troubles if they didn't talk about them all the time.

STOP EATING MEAT IF KIDNEYS OR BACK HURT

Take a Glass of Salts to Clean Kidneys If Bladder Bothers You—Meat Forms Uric Acid.

Eating meat regularly eventually produces kidney trouble in some form or other, says a well-known authority, because the uric acid in meat excites the kidneys, they become overworked, get sluggish, clog up and cause all sorts of distress, particularly backache and misery in the kidney region; rheumatic twinges, severe headaches, acid stomach, constipation, torpid liver, sleeplessness, bladder and urinary irritation.

The moment your back hurts or kidneys aren't acting right, or if bladder bothers you, get about four ounces of Jad Salts from any good pharmacy. Take a tablespoonful in a glass of water before breakfast for a few days and your kidneys will then act fine. This famous salt is made from the acid of grapes and lemon juice, combined with lithia, and has been used for generations to flush clogged kidneys and stimulate them to normal activity, also to neutralize the acids in the urine so it no longer irritates, thus ending bladder disorders.

Jad Salts cannot injure anyone; makes a delightful effervescent lithia-water drink which millions of men and women take now and then to keep the kidneys and urinary organs clean, thus avoiding serious kidney disease.—Adv.

The stronger the language a man uses the more confidence a woman has in his bravery.

THE CITY OF NUMBERED DAYS

by FRANCIS LYND

ILLUSTRATIONS by C.D. RHODES

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SYNOPSIS.

Brouillard, chief engineer of the Niquola irrigation dam, goes out from camp to investigate a strange light and finds an automobile party camped at the canyon portal. He meets J. Wesley Cortwright and his daughter, Genevieve, of the auto party and explains the reclamation work to them. Cortwright sees in the project a big chance to make money. Brouillard is improving to him from the financier, who tells Genevieve that the engineer "will come down and look himself if the bait is well covered." Cortwright organizes a company and obtains government contracts to furnish power and material for the dam construction. A busy city springs up about the site. Steve Massingale, the one from the "Little Susan" mine, Brouillard does not influence President Ford to build a railroad branch to the place, thus opening an easy market for the ore from the "Little Susan" mine. Brouillard and the company's promoter, Massingale, are ordered from Washington. Brouillard turns over the plans for the power installation.

Do you believe that a really honest man can be persuaded to turn a shady trick in order to help the material fortunes of the girl he loves—even if he believes the trick will never be found out on him?

CHAPTER VII—Continued.

To his utter amazement the blue eyes filled suddenly. But the owner of the eyes was winking the tears away and laughing before he could could put the amazement into words. "You shouldn't hit out like that when one isn't looking; it's wicked," she protested. "Besides, the railroad is coming; it's got to come."

"It is still undecided," he told her mechanically. "Mr. Ford is coming over with the engineers to have a conference on the ground with—the Cortwright people. I am expecting him any day."

"And the government?"

"The department is holding entirely aloof, as it should. Everyone in the reclamation service knows that no good can possibly come of any effort to force the region ahead of its normal and natural development. And, besides, none of us here in the valley want to help blow the Cortwright bubble any higher than it has to be."

"Then you will advise against the building of the extension?"

Instead of answering her question he asked one of his own.

"What does it mean to you—to you personally, apart from the money your father might make out of it, Amy?"

She hesitated a moment and then met the shrewd scrutiny of his gaze with open candor.

"The money is only a means to an end—as yours will be. You know very well what I meant when I told you that three times we have been obliged to come back to the mountains—to try again. I dreaded the coming of your camp; I dread a thousand times more the other changes that are coming—the temptations that a mushroom city will offer. This time father has promised me that when he can make his stake he will go back to Kentucky and settle down; and he will keep his promise. More than that, Steve has promised me that he will go, too, if he can have a stock-farm and raise fine horses—his one healthy ambition. Now you know it all."

He reached up from the lower step where he was standing and took her hand.

"Yes; and I know more than that. I know that you are a mighty brave little girl and that your load is heavier than mine—worlds heavier. But you're going to win out; if not today or tomorrow, why, then, the day after. It's written in the book."

She returned his hand-grip of encouragement impulsively and smiling down upon him through quick-spreading tears.

"You'll win out, too, Victor, because you are a strong man; you have a reserve of strength that is greater than most men's fall gift; you can cut and slash your way to the thing you really want, and nothing can stop you. But—you'll forgive me for being plain, won't you?—there is a little, just the least little bit of desperation in the present point of view, and—"

"Say it," he commanded when she hesitated.

"I hardly know how to say it. There were ideals in the beginning; don't let them fall down in the dust or in the mud. It's got to be clean money, you know; the money that is going to give you the chance to say, 'Come, girl, let's go and get married.' You won't forget that, will you?"

He relinquished the hand of encouragement because he dared not hold it any longer, and turned away to stare absently at the timbered tunnel mouth whence a faint clinking of hammer upon steel issued with monotonous regularity.

"I wish you hadn't said that, Amy—about the ideals."

"I don't know what you mean," she said simply.

"Perhaps it is just as well that you don't. Let's talk about something else—about the railroad. President Ford hasn't decided; he won't decide until he has looked the ground over and had a chance to confer with me."

She bridged all the gaps with swift

intuition. "He means to give you the casting vote? He will build the extension if you advise it? Then it will be in your hand to make us rich or to keep us poor," she laughed. "It's a good good-in-the-car, please, and your petitioners will ever pray." Then, with an instant return to seriousness, "But you mustn't think of that—of course, you won't—with so many other and greater things to consider."

"On the contrary, I shall think very pointedly of that; pointedly and regretfully—because your brother has made it practically impossible for me to help."

"My brother?" with a little gasp.

"Yes. He offered to buy my vote with a block of 'Little Susan' stock. That wouldn't have been so bad if he hadn't talked about it—"

"When Mr. Ford comes you must forget what Steve said and what I have said. Good-by."

An hour later Brouillard was closeted in his log-built office quarters with a big, fair-faced man, whose rough tweeds and unbrushed soft hat proclaimed him fresh from the dusty dry reaches of the Quesado trail.

"It is your own opinion that I want, Victor, the fair-faced man was saying, 'not the government engineer's. Can we make the road pay if we bring it here? That is a question which you can answer better than any other living man. You are here on the ground and you've been here from the first.'"

"You've had it out with Cortwright?" Brouillard asked. And then, "Where is he now—in Chicago?"

"No. He is on his way to the Niquola, coming over in his car from El Gato. But never mind J. Wesley. You are the man I came to see."

"I can give you the facts," was the quiet rejoinder.

A smile wrinkled at the corners of the big man's eyes.

"You are dodging the issue, Victor, and you know it," he objected. "What I want is your personal notion. If you were the executive committee of the Pacific Southwestern, would you, or would you not, build the extension? That's the point I'm trying to make."

Brouillard got up and went to the window. When he turned back to the man at the desk he was frowning thoughtfully, and his eyes were the eyes of one who sees only the clearly etched lines of a picture which obscures all outward and visual objects.

the picture he saw was of a sweet-faced young woman, laughing through her tears and saying, "Besides, the railroad is coming; it's got to come."

"If you put it that way," he said to the man who was waiting, "if you insist on pulling my private opinion out by the roots, you may have it. I'd build the extension."

During the strenuous weeks when Camp Niquola's struggling street was acquiring plank sidewalks and getting itself transformed into Chiriquo avenue, with a double row of false-fronted "emporiums" to supplant the shack shelters, Monsieur Poudrecaux Bongras, late of the San Francisco tenderloin, opened the camp's first counter-grill.

Finding monsieur's name impossible in both halves of it, the camp grinned and rechristened him "Poodles." Later, discovering his dual gift of past mastery in potato frying and coffee making, the camp gave him vogue.

Out of the vogue sprang in swift succession a cafe with side tables, a restaurant with private dining rooms, and presently a commodious hotel, where the food was excellent, the appointments luxurious, and where Jack—clothed and in his right mind and with money in his hand—was as good as his master.

It was in one of Bongras' private dining rooms that Mr. J. Wesley Cortwright was entertaining Brouillard, with Miss Genevieve to make a harmonizing third at the circular table. The little dinner had been a gustatory triumph. Nevertheless, when Miss Cortwright had gone upstairs, and the waiter would have refilled his glass, Brouillard shook his head.

If the millionaire saw the refusal he was too wise to remark it. He was still the frank, outspoken money-maker, hot upon the trail of the nimble dollar. Yet there was a change of some kind. Brouillard had marked it on the day, a fortnight earlier, when (after assuring himself morosely that he would not) he had gone down to the lower canyon portal to see the Cortwright touring car finish its second race across the desert from El Gato.

"Of course I was quite prepared to have you stand off and throw stones at our little cob house of a venture, Brouillard," the host allowed at the lighting of the gold-banded cigars.

"You're the government engineer and the builder of the big dam; but you can't build your dam in one day, or in two, and the interval is ours. I tell you, we're going to make Mirapolis a



buzz-hummer while the daylight lasts. Don't you forget that."

"Mirapolis?" queried Brouillard. "Is that the new name?"

Cortwright laughed and nodded. "It's Gene's name—'Miracle City.' Fits like the glove on a pretty girl's arm, doesn't it?"

"It does. But the miracle is that there should be any money daring enough to invest itself in the Niquola."

"Why, bless your workaday heart, Brouillard," chuckled the host, "nothing is permanent in this shuffling, growing, progressive world of ours—absolutely nothing. Some of the biggest and costliest buildings in New York and Chicago are built on ground leases. Our ground lease will merely be a little shorter in the factor of time."

"So much shorter that the parallel won't hold," argued Brouillard.

"The parallel does hold; long time, small profits and a slow return; short time, big profits and a quick return. You've eaten here before; what do you pay Bongras for a reasonably good dinner?"

Brouillard laughed. "Oh, Poodles, he clinches us, all right; four or five times as much as it's worth—or would cost anywhere else."

"That's it. He knows he has to make good on all these little luxuries he gives you—cash in every day, as you might say, and come out whole before you stop the creek and drown him. When we get in motion we're going to have Alaska faded to a frazzle on prices—and you'll see everybody paying them joyfully."

"And in the end somebody, or the final series of somebodies, will be left to hold the bag," finished Brouillard.

"There needn't be any bag holders, Brouillard. Let me put it in a nutshell: we're building a cement plant, and we shall sell you the output—at a good, round price, I promise you, but still at a lower figure than you're paying for the imported article now, or than you will pay even after the rail-

road gets in. When our government orders are filled we can afford to wreck the plant for what it will bring."

"That is only one instance," objected the guest.

"Well, Bongras, here, is one more," laughed the host. "And our power plant is another. You made your little kick on that to Washington—you thought the government ought to control its own power. That was all right, from your point of view, but we beat you to it. Now the reclamation service gets all the power it needs at a nominal price, and we're going to sell enough more to make us all feel happy."

"Sell it? To whom?"

Mr. Cortwright leaned back in his chair and the sandy-gray eyes seemed to be searching the inner recesses of the querying soul.

"That's inside information, but I don't mind taking you in on it," he said between leisurely puffs at his cigar. "We've just concluded a few contracts: one with Massingale—he's going to put in power drills, electric ore-cars, and a modern equipment generally and above the development of the 'Little Susan'; one with a new mining syndicate which will begin operations at once on half a dozen prospects on Jack's mountain; and one with a lumber combination that has just taken over the sawmills, and will install others, with a planing mill and sash factory."

Brouillard nodded. The gray eyes were slowly hypnotizing him.

"But that isn't all," continued the promoter. "We are about to re-incorporate the power plant as the Niquola Electric Power, Lighting and Traction company. Within a fortnight we'll be lighting Mirapolis, and within a month after the railroad gets in we'll be operating trolley cars."

The enthusiast paused to let the

information sink in, also to note the effect upon the subject. The noting was apparently satisfactory, since he went on with the steady assurance of one who sees his way clearly.

"That brings us down to business, Brouillard. I don't mind admitting that I had an object in asking you to dine with me this evening. It's this: we feel that in the reorganization of the power company the government, which will always be the largest consumer, should be represented in some effective way; that its interests should be carefully safeguarded. It is not so easy as it might seem. We can't exactly make the government a stockholder."

"No," said Brouillard mechanically. The underdepths were stirring, heaving as if from a mighty groundswell that threatened a tidal wave of overturnings.

"We are going to make you the government director, with full power to investigate and to act. And we're not going to be mean about it, either. The capital stock of the company is ten millions, with shares of a par value of one hundred dollars each, full paid and nonassessable. Don't gasp; we'll cut a nice little melon on that capitalization every thirty days, or my name isn't Cortwright."

"But I have no money to invest," was the only form the younger man's protest took.

"We don't need your money," cut in the financier with curt good nature. "What we do need is a consulting engineer, a man who, while he is one of us and identified with us, will see to it that we're not tempted to gouge our good Uncle Samuel."

Brouillard smoked in silence for a full minute before he said: "You know as well as I do, Mr. Cortwright, that it is an unwritten law of the service that a civilian employee of the government shall not engage in any other business."

"No, I don't," was the blunt reply. "Supposing your father had left you a hundred thousand dollars to invest instead of a debt of that amount—you see, I know what a load your keen sense of honor is making you carry—suppose you had this money to invest, would your position in the reclamation service compel you to lock it up in a safety vault?"

"Certainly not, but if the department should learn that I am a stockholder in a company from which it buys its power—"

"There wouldn't be a word said—not one single word. They know you in Washington, Brouillard, better, perhaps, than you think they do. They know you would exact a square deal for the department even if it cost you personal money. It's your duty and part of your job as chief of construction. And we'll leave the money consideration entirely out of it if you like. You'll get a stock certificate, which you may keep or tear up or throw into the wastebasket, just as you please. If you keep it and want to realize on it at any time before you begin to put the finishing forms on the dam, I'll do this: I'll agree to market it for you at par. Now let's quit and go and find Gene. She'll think we've tipped ourselves under the table."

"One moment," said Brouillard. "I couldn't serve as your engineer, Mr. Cortwright, not even in a consulting capacity. Call it prejudice or anything else you please, but I simply couldn't do business in an associate relation with your man Hosford."

Cortwright had risen, and he took his guest confidentially by the button-hole.

"Do you know, Brouillard, Hosford gets on my nerves, too. Don't let that influence you. We'll let Hosford go. We needed him at first to sort of knock things into shape; it takes a man of his caliber in the early stages of a project like ours, you know. But he has outlived his usefulness and we'll drop him. Let's go upstairs."

Late in the evening Brouillard passed out through the cafe of the Metropole on his way to his quarters. There were a few late diners at the tables, and Bongras, smug and complacent in evening regalia, was waddling about among them like a glorified head waiter.

Holding the engineer for a moment at the street door, "I'll been waiting to hank you," whispered the Frenchman with a quick fang glance for the diners at the nearest of the tables. "Dose flood—when she is coming. M'sieu Brouillard?"

"When we get the dam completed."

"You'll bot money h-on dat?—ball de money you got?"

"Why should you doubt it?"

"Moi, I don't doubt nottings; I make de grass to be cut w'ile de sun is shine. But I'll been hearing somebody say dat maybese de town she grow so fas and so beg dat de government is not going to drown her."

"Who said that?"

"I don't know; it is bruit—what you call rumour. You hear it h-on de avenue, in de cafe, h-anyw'eres you go."

"Don't lower your prices on the strength of any such rumor as that, Poodles. The dam will be built, and the Niquola will be turned into a lake, with the Hotel Metropole comfortably anchored in the deepest part of it—that is, if it doesn't get gay enough to float."

"Dat's jax what I'll been thinking," smiled the little man, and he sped the parting guest with a bow that would have graced the antechamber of a Louis XIV.

Do you believe that Brouillard will permit himself to be seduced by Cortwright's smooth form of bribery? Does Brouillard understand Cortwright?

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

ELDERLY WOMEN SAFEGUARDED

Tell Others How They Were
Carried Safely Through
Change of Life.

Durand, Wis.—"I am the mother of fourteen children and I owe my life to Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. When I was 45 and had the Change of Life, a friend recommended it and it gave me such relief from my bad feelings that I took several bottles. I am now well and healthy and recommend your Compound to other ladies."

—Mrs. MARY RIDGWAY, Durand, Wis.

A Massachusetts Woman Writes:

Blackstone, Mass.—"My troubles were from my age, and I felt awfully sick for three years. I had hot flashes often and frequently suffered from pains. I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and now am well."

—Mrs. FREDERICK COUNTESS, Box 233, Blackstone, Mass.

Such warning symptoms as sense of suffocation, hot flashes, headaches, back-aches, dizziness, dreading of impending evil, timidity, sounds in the ears, palpitation of the heart, sparks before the eyes, irregularities, constipation, variable appetite, weakness and dizziness, should be heeded by middle-aged women. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has carried many women safely through this crisis.

A Hot Time.

"What caused the coolness between you and Jones?"

"A heated argument."

A Beneficent Influence.

"Why do you keep pestering me to go and have some more pictures taken?" inquired Mr. Growcher.

"Because," replied his wife, "the photographer is the only person I know of who can get you to make an effort to smile and look natural."

SOAP IS STRONGLY ALKALINE.

and constant use will burn out the scalp. Cleanse the scalp by shampooing with "La Creole" Hair Dressing, and darken in the natural way, those ugly, grizzly hairs. Price \$1.00.—Adv.

Silly Blixes.

"What is your favorite tune, old chap?"

"Fortune, dear boy."

This Will Interest Mothers.

Mothers Grant's Heart Remedies for Children, for Feverishness, Headache, Bad Stomach, Teething Disorders, and regulate the bowels and destroy worms. They break up Croup in its source. They are so pleasant to take children like them. Used by Mothers for 30 years. All Druggists, E. B. Rouse, Price 25¢. 30¢. Mothers Grant Co., La. Bay, N. Y.

Homeopathic Remedy.

"Why do you blow that awful horn so much in your apartment and deafen the other tenants?"

"That's only to keep the baby quiet."

Whenever You Need a General Tonic

Take Grove's

The Old Standard Groves Tangleless

chill Tonic is equally valuable as a General Tonic because it contains the well known tonic properties of QUININE and IRON. It acts on the Liver, Drives out Malaria, Enriches the Blood and Builds up the Whole System. 50 cents.

Waste of Time.

"You say this naturalist has spent many years studying the monkey language?"

"Yes. I understand he can almost converse with them."

"Well, well."

"You don't seem much impressed."

"To tell the truth, I'm not. I don't see what a monkey could say to a human being that would be worth listening to."

Stop That Ache!

Don't worry about a bad back. Get rid of it. Probably your kidneys are out of order. Resume sensible habits and help the kidneys. Then, kidney backache will go; also the dizzy spells, lameness, stiffness, tired feelings, nervousness, rheumatic pains and bladder troubles. Use Doan's Kidney Pills. Thousands recommend them.

A Missouri Case

"My dear friend, I had a heavy pain in the small of my back and sides, lost sleep and was practically helpless. Three physicians said there was no help for me. I commenced using Doan's Kidney Pills and the pain gradually left. My appetite improved and I was able to get around with ease. Doan's Kidney Pills finally cured me."

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